



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

IN VACATION.

When Experts Disagree.—A man in a Western town was hurt in a railroad accident, and after being confined to his home for several weeks he appeared on the street walking with the aid of crutches.

"Hello, old fellow," greeted an acquaintance, rushing up to shake his hand. "I am certainly glad to see you around again."

"Thanks," responded the injured one. "I am glad to be around again."

"I see you are hanging fast to your crutches," observed the acquaintance. "Can't you do without them?"

"My doctor says I can," answered the injured party, "but my lawyer says I can't."—Ex.

Order Yours, Brother.—A Jackson, Mississippi, lawyer, whose domestic life is reputed to be one of hard sledding, was asked by a brother practitioner what his daily menu was. He replied.

"Mostly tongue for breakfast; more tongue for lunch; but at night I try to arrange so as to have a little chicken for dinner.—Lawyer and Banker.

Well, Hardly.—"The train struck the man, did it not?" asked the lawyer of the engineer at the trial.

"It did sir," said the engineer.

"Was the man on the track, sir?" thundered the lawyer.

"On the track?" asked the engineer. "Of course he was. No engineer worthy of his job would run his train into the woods after a man, sir."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Oldtimer.

I am an ancient anecdote, 3,000 years of age.

They tacked me on to men of note when Xerxes was a page.

I was well known in Jericho, and cut a dash in Troy

And bobbed up every year or so when Caesar was a boy.

I am an ancient anecdote and I am going still.

I was in use when people wrote with stylus and with quill.

I was a joke that Shakespeare knew and Genghis Khan

And now I s'pose they'll hitch me to some yearling Congressman.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.